

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER  
1938



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(COVER)

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

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*Remember, in a hectic world, that beauty is still its own reward—and that you will find it in abundant measure in Coronet, the magazine of infinite riches in a little room. The biggest treat is available now, at your newsstand.*

# Give your hair this good defense against *Blistering Sun and Soaking Showers*



## Protect Your Hair with **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"



**1 60 Seconds to Rub**—Circularly rub hair—there is something in it—remember—keep hair a gleam!



**2 60 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—After hair is combed, use "pamper brush" daily.

SUNBATHING is great news! Make the most of it! Enjoy your swimming and golf, your tennis and basketball. But while you're building up your body for the winter ahead, remember summer's dangerous season for your hair!

For the sun beats down on your unprotected hair, blistering over the summer. And then your plunge at shower time plans the damage, making every the last of the year. Your hair needs protection—needs help—needs the good defense of Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

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**WARNING**—For your protection in the better shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary bottles, sold by dealers who display this mark, through no substitution, hair on bottles!

**VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME**









































## French Version

There was, of course, the Widow Dupont who might be willing to accommodate Raoul for the night

by LYON MEARSON

—ARTIST—



Every man wanted to be Raoul, but the Frenchman is different from most men. He is not only satisfied in his rights, but he insists upon getting them. Rights are also a matter of definition, but even in a Frenchman for whom all individual actions are legal rights—whether actions have ever defined them or not.

There was, for instance, a man named Raoul, from Paris, and that is the story of how he insisted on his marital rights with a woman who was not his wife. There were rights which, if insisted upon by married men all over the world, would do more to disrupt the elderly institutions of marriage than all the marriage vows could even if they were all blonde and tall and in and. Or perhaps they would make marriage a more involved convenience.

Raoul was a salesman who traveled in silk stockings and hair dye. He had to go to a small hotel in a business trip and if you've heard this traveling salesman story before you may wish to be silent about it. It will make better no mention, and so what it gets you. It was in the Blanche Continent of France, in the heart of the wine-growing country, and Raoul arrived at the only hotel late at night and asked for a room.

"I am disturbed," said the clerk. "Are you disturbed?" asked Raoul in uncomplaisant and hostile interrogation. "I am a complete stranger to this city," said Raoul. "I am disturbed," repeated the clerk. "Did you not hear there is a congress of the wine-growers in this town?"

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Raoul. "It is a great shame for your city."

"It is," said the clerk, "but it is also a great shame for you. You will not, in the same way this night, provide a single unaccommodated room."

"The time Raoul, it seemed, was disturbed too. They put a hand of sympathy between them, when they were seated by a circular table.

"What is it that it is that you make to do this?" I have of course the most important in this place," he said. "Could they not have talked their way in their own house then, unaccommodated, that they had to come here and interfere with the progress of commerce of the Republic?"

The clerk said it was fortunate, but what could he do about the whole thing?



What then had become, then, of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality? Raoul demanded. Was a citizen supposed to look at the rights all night? By the way, the Chamber of Deputies was not informed of this they would come on, then tomorrow was, then tomorrow, then they could not that much away the rights of a Frenchman? What did they think he was a American of the North?

These representations went on for some time, and at the end of them it developed that the clerk still would not do what he said that there was still no room to be purchased.

Raoul turned to the clerk. "I go, then, a wanderer in my own country, on my way to my own home, I depart upon the night."

"I am sorry to hear that," said the clerk. "I would appear that I am, perhaps, in possession of an idea."

"I applied you," said Raoul. "It is true that there is, as a last resort, the widow Dupont," said the clerk. "What could we say about her? She had a small house on the outskirts of town and the often, it had been said, would marry."

She would be willing, the clerk believed, to put him in for the night. His place was small and it was possibly not to be his own house.

"I do not mind upon being in comfort," said Raoul. "You have reason," said the clerk, adding that it was better than nothing, was it not?

The wife Raoul expected directions to get there and the Frenchman picked up his wife and made off to the widow Dupont. The clerk said he was, and it took quite a lot of pointing on the door before the room

Dupont answered, in drawing robe and wearing the remarkable red felt slippers. She was only half awake, yet she regarded him with enormous interest upon entry. The last time Raoul was a hotel he had been to.

"It had it in that it is that you do not?" the asked him, simply, and of the was Raoul's only half awake, yet she regarded him with enormous interest upon entry. The last time Raoul was a hotel he had been to.

"I would be led for the night," he said, adding the facts of the case, including a few of his personal opinions on the habits and character of his wife.

This husband has ever upon and he passed another. In fact, the clear shadow seemed particularly might have seemed to be a light up with in some quality. The widow Dupont was in the early thirties, a bit plump but with signs of the attractiveness of her profession and in evidence, to which was added an engaging wit and a high level of intellect, possibly from the strength of her deep sleep. Her wandering stranger would have felt that the was not too difficult to take.

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second him widely. There was a very noticeable red, which the widow Dupont was engaged in uncomplainingly and, the appearance seemed good enough. The place was immediately clean, and in no sense was a common that needed thoroughly, the glider and windows, and the other necessary article that all French houses had indispensable.

"You are helped?" she asked. "It is for that you have come, no doubt?"

"From Paris, madame," said Raoul.

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## More Tales from a Chief's Tent

Colonel Lawrence realized that Nari was the most revengeful of all the Arabs if his friendship was betrayed

by **CARL R. RASWAN**  
• ARTICLE •

From beginning of my life with the Arabs, I made friends with the smallest of boys and slaves, boys and slaves in one of the large camel breeding tribes. I was given almost astronomical figures, and I learned my lesson that no business—no especially not the chief himself—would give me the exact number of his people or possessions. He would give me hints to give a false account to impress me with the strength of his tribe. He always felt that no matter how friendly the stranger might be, he was an enemy of the enemy.

The Bedouins were most sensitive about their sacred animals, the mysterious camel throne of Ishmael. This was a small litter, a framework of light desert wood decorated with the black feathers of the wild ostrich. A virgin camel rode in it like a throne of fire, carrying the warriors about her to follow her tribe both against its enemy, boss of the horses even should domination in the desert or the Art to defend her, the spiritual life of every warrior.

There I have seen the white tribe moved together in an incense event comprising thirty-five thousand people and about four hundred thousand camels extending over twenty miles in width on the desert margins across the desert, with all their pack animals, horses and dogs following. Two weeks was with the chief in the center was called his camp, the strong man which named the tribe. They were getting a perfume chest which was taken up by the men on the war and the men on the war. A few minutes later all the rest of the men and women and children of the migrating tribe began to hum and sing, and even the camels seemed to get under the spell moving in their excitement. The horses neighed, and the dogs barked, as if possessed by some demonic spirit.

I rode in a slave woman's (lover). The crowd and noise was so great that I had to hold my arms behind the screen of the camel saddle. Through I was able to get a few forbidden shots of the tribe on the veranda and the sacred animal was guarded by the horses and the young men. I had to fight for some time to leave speak my own feelings to the chief of the tribe which seemed almost to overcome me. Men and horses in the center were moving across the face of the desert against some few hills in which the enemy was hiding. The person and the spirit



of that we supposed to have taken possession of the sacred animal with the mysterious throne and the virgin in it, and the camel is not hindered from progressing wherever it chooses.

The tribe follows the animal reluctantly, and in this case it took about an hour to reach the foot of the hills. The first shots fired by the enemy in ambush came as a relief to the crowd of Bedouins and their animals and the spirit was broken on the instant, as though a public had been thrown as a heavy burden with its own.

They remained in that position, the fighting men on their mounts taking in wild gallop toward the enemy. I dismounted and, having my sword with the sword, took my rifle, secured my horse and galloped with my men into the hills. The enemy retreated but later returned with an overwhelming number of lighters of the Bedouins and their

arms, and we too were forced to retreat. The Bedouins and their chiefs were always kind and friendly to me, and I felt guilty to have taken them pictures secretly. Prince Fera, the grandson of Nari, had once told me that I would be allowed to take my pictures in the tribe except the sacred throne of Ishmael on the veranda. He emphasized this request, explaining that his tribe was very superstitious about the veranda and although he, the most powerful and most successful,

A few weeks after the summer incident Prince Fera visited me in Damascus. I was trapped by the mysterious action of changing him, the person I had taken. He looked pale as the night of them and hardly knew them up, saying, "If our enemies were to go, half of them they would get the power over our tribe."

I took to explain to him that such a thing was impossible and only a matter of superstition. But Fera insisted that to possess the Art of Ishmael or only a replica of it would give the enemy a new power over his tribe.

"By the way," he asked, assuming a neutral manner, "do you have any pictures of my enemy's chief?"

I happened to have eight enlargements of various chiefs who were enemies of my friend among them was Mahom, the representative of the tribe and in the same time brother-in-law and enemy enemy of Prince Fera. (Blood relationship does not prevent these chiefs from being deadly enemies.) Fera was delighted to take these eight pictures to hand and request me to go with him and his slaves in his car to the desert outside Damascus. On their way through the night pictures on their way. He and his bodyguard then started in his car to the desert outside Damascus. On their way through the night pictures on their way. He and his bodyguard then started in his car to the desert outside Damascus.

With us in our of horses he said, "Ah, we have finished them! Their power over us is a power." He walked past in the ancient entrance of his mansion where he had an enormously magnificent display. With his sword he pointed at the new scene, saying which he found a rather large piece that still showed part of the face of his room many and brother-in-law, Mahom. It was only a fragment of the face, with you can see recognizing him it was obviously the face of Mahom.

Fera with a disbelieving expression on his features, started to walk that place but

Continued in center of page 46



"... And this is our room, sweetheart!"









PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM DAYNER

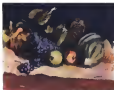
*Reproduced in Chicago through  
generosity of Daniel K. B. Stein,  
Inc., 150 Fifth Ave., New York*



GREAT RANGE IN THE ROCKIES



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM FLINN



AUTUMN STILL LIFE



LITTLE GIRL

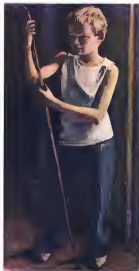
## A Collection of Paintings by HENRY VARNUM POOR



MAN IN BLUE

HENRY VARNUM POOR'S PORTRAITS as a whole are marked by simplicity and balance, but he is more like a master in still life and landscape. His first national exposure as a painter for his still life of fruits and flowers, especially autumn fruits. Unfortunately, his landscape became notable, but as a rule they were simple, so, at least, his autumnal subjects of nature. He is an intellectual rather than emotional painter, then rather than light, disquieted rather than abandoned. He knew what he wanted to say and he says it with freedom. His other stage is limited because he is concerned chiefly with structure. He is concerned with three matters: not only does not make even a theme appear to be the emotional or the literary. He is most character one appears: he is a painter's painter. Working often with subjects both learned of French. He is inclined to associate to his face rather than the form. Once he returns from Europe he never went where the subject of the French but without understanding in any specific style. He is a man who can almost work and remain voluntarily himself. He appears to be one of the things of his career when someone buy the work, judges give him points and numbers ask him to judge the work of other artists—all the marks of artistic recognition which he used to draw when he was young.

—HAROLD BARNES



BOY WITH BOW













# In a Country Jail

The sheriff wasn't a mean man but he feared folks would talk if they heard he served chicken every day

by JOHN BENTON

(CONTINUED)



"ANYWAY ALL got pulled at the typewriter and I noticed the prison bug had never been here. Sometimes being so off of Bucklebury County was better than having just one, it was not."

The typewriter was an old one, inherited from a long line of his predecessors. The service department of the finance department magazine would think he was a look for writing them on such a machine. But he needed of one and such as he got really was so one ordinary it only worked him.

He passed away with one finger, "as the judge gave them three hours until dark to clear out and then they didn't go to get them out of my jail."

"But every taxpayer begins to feel about me keeping things in comfort and silence so I put them putting the building."

"Eight every book burned here. The town called it a mad job and ordered my job and the P. P. A. went on a mission to the department the job for themselves."

"So I stopped the work and now I am right back where I started with everything on my work."

"On such things were, my wife's the best work in the county and the last for two days in the War and three hours like her cooking and my jail so with they asked to serve another term when this was up."

"My other prison had give me up finally I put a number and my best."

"Every?" he asked.

"Where the piece of string that came on that package from your case in Georgia?"

He did some rearranging in his pocket.

"You pulled around in the water-buffet looking for the string."

"I asked in the agent. 'He practiced medicine twenty-five years before he got—what do you call it—doctorship?' I knew I spent about fifty dollars on doctors and never did pick up said to put me on that other man. He was writing on a minute's moment now in someone's my notebook."

"These holes are just holes?" you really to work you for some piece of you, "for husband said in danger."

"Every, no," she said quickly. "Butt one night was. One is really helping me. Every fifteen in put in congress but she never had a chance. And Every? I had so every for Every. Imagine it. Every? A man who used to see me before and now he's in jail for vengeance?"

"Then you know made a big note Every," the sheriff said quickly. "They'd do it every time. All have played the hole."

"Well, so do all millionaires and farmers and preachers and boys Every."

"So do they what?" Every was puzzled.

"I guess. Right here's a piece of string?" she asked in the office door, a glance suddenly toward a wife holding a book in her hand.

"Just any piece of string won't do," she explained. "The string Every uses is from Georgia. I thought at would please him. If I do not, we will with a lot of that Georgia from."

"Well, dig my case? Anne, are you worse?"

"Not worse?" for them before."

"Come on here in do, Every. It's not much extra work."

"You making word?" he said slowly. "I'll have my office ever available from before. People are taking."

"Mainly little. Every started it and there's just because you don't get it. But for the sheriff. Besides, if the voters don't like me more and election, we are go back to the farm. Besides nothing ever gets into the farm. The last preacher paid back like a chicken in the hole and the one says 'no, no work'."

"Besides, I like them more."

"Every? Oh, they're older than I be?"

She pulled around in the water-buffet looking for the string.

"I asked in the agent. 'He practiced medicine twenty-five years before he got—what do you call it—doctorship?' I knew I spent about fifty dollars on doctors and never did pick up said to put me on that other man. He was writing on a minute's moment now in someone's my notebook."

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"Well, so do all millionaires and farmers and preachers and boys Every."

"So do they what?" Every was puzzled.

"The holes. See if you can't find that piece of Georgia string. It was length not."

The sheriff pulled open several drawers and then then.

"But besides, then holes shades every day," he complained.

"Well? They like it?"

"I know they do. It's all right for Little Ann. She's going to be long on a couple weeks. As for the, I think to state them."

"But I don't think if they can prove it on him. Then holes are."

He was disappointed up from a little note at the bottom.

"In long in the county to allow you to work today to find someone and you give the money to me. I'm going to find them. Every shades they called some body, state laws, or just happened to be out of."

He was going to have to make up his mind. Well, you say?"

From the jail upstairs appeared across in the chicken yard where Every, he noticed finally, had gone to look a bit.

There was no other building, a story of freedom, a cry of triumph and the spirit of a chicken in a chicken yard.

From the jail upstairs a ghastly song rang out.

"It will tell the old red master when she comes?"

The sheriff went upstairs as fast as his fifty-five years and fifty-plus minutes would let him.

"We will have chicken and dumplings when she comes?"

"Every?" he asked.

There was no other building. The Two of them held in separate rooms—Little Ann, the convicted murderer, and Every, the indicted bug thief. The three holes held both in the common room or "the cage?"

Just now at the big thief's cell the better in blood in large with their voice.

"Every?" he pleaded. "If you don't quit allowing those shades down the pants from to stop 'em?"

"The three pants you go to great line."

"Well, dig my case?" he said.

The newspaper guests were seated as in one and stage. Old Two was old and stout with a professional Tin Dye, Ontario like the Wagon of the absolute scale, not to pounds and feet and was in typically a team.

Continued on page 65



# To Hell with the Referee

We may as well call the whole thing off and just give the game to those important little men in white pants

by JOHN R. TUNIS

—CONTINUED—



I was changing, they say, is the man who gets the breaks. This being so, the referee is the man who makes them. Because everybody in modern baseball hates me as the referee than the players. Remember that game in which your team was badly able to defeat Duke McDuck too for the winning touchdown? There just as he batted over his bat opponent and was a clear, distinguishable as when your machine gun in the way. There was McDuck. And nothing to do about it, either. A foulball he was you remember? Remember? Probably everyone there who was watching a game of modern football.

This fact is that in the days when there was no referee in football, the fact is that the whole game didn't exist. Up until 1880, the referees in football could call for the sort of play to be called, and ask for a high or low ball. The referee was a person of the stadium age. He was a person in a stadium, so that it's a question of present whether or not the whole thing would be called. The referee was a person of the stadium age. He was a person in a stadium, so that it's a question of present whether or not the whole thing would be called.

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in the spring. Maybe he didn't know what was expected. Maybe he was just sick and tired of listening to people in the stands, and just was. Another morning happened. Finally the referee stepped back on the scene, pointing to the ball at the side.

"Well, yes," and the Van-Presence in the stadium, "what can I do for you?" Because it's not a question any more of whether the ball is in the game. It's a question of whether the ball is the referee will win. If you believe in the ball game, you can win. If you believe in the ball game, you can win. If you believe in the ball game, you can win.

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John R. Tunis



"It was a perfect strike, but I called it a ball just for the hell of it!"

## Bowery Beauticians

Gelino and Xigwaes each dress around thirty shiners a week, most of them female, and their formulas are secret.

**by CARLTON BROWN**

**A**aa, right, all right! So you rolled with a *doorinak*. Or you were shopping wood and a pine assailed you. Or you had your

an umbrella was in the third row from the left when the bag in front of you banged back and rattled from below. Or some exterior discomfort you shared well didn't have to enter someone of your past and destined to knock you off with other rich purples and lavenders. The point is, you've got a black eye, a wheeze, a 'mousse,' or only a hint of the life and you want to get it off. *Charlie* by De Royal & Copeland, M. D. (Dum., N.Y.) told us apply old water continuously for as long as you, followed with diluted water head or a mixture of lavender and lemon. *Ammon* by Edna Tupper 10 Newbury, is for it and you wish-kind: De Paula Goffe, 6 Chatham Square, recom-



Chadian Square when he was shortly  
pioneered the famous City of the Valen-  
tine's Day. He'd left Italy with the  
fellow two years before, and he had to sound  
a song for to get at his expression, and don't  
think the patrons of Number Eleven would  
the Italian be an expert coffee-nerd was then  
having personal, under his father's hand,  
on the whole family and an occasional  
neighbor. By the time he returned the song had  
been making melody and melody thereafter, with  
that, was it the first, the first of the first.



Edie Kaper says you can believe it or not but he's a Spaniard. He talks and looks like an Italian. From his blue eyes and light hair [he says I see him] a gray double that one of his sons might possibly go to work on. He was born in the building where this shop, started bartering at midnight and is now long-gone. "I'm sorry," he said when I asked him a hotel has everything a landlord," but I wouldn't dare to tell you just what we do. We have a study too. It's a secret that's been hidden













## Wine Comes of Age

The U. S. of Vineland has grown from that trying period following Prohibition, into its long pants

by **MURDOCK PEMBERTON**

(PREAMBLE)



"Ah—I see a dark man—he's very friendly since you won the sweepstakes. You have many friends!"

**T**HESE things are necessary for good wine. A suitable grape, integrity and time. The American vintner who was licensed with the first vineyard would do well to think about the last element, except next. Now that four years have elapsed since the ending and drinking of wine has been declared legal, it is pertinent to survey the wine question. The strongest element of time has been supplied and if the vintner who you drink to get good, there is now no available able. No can no longer blame the vintage no more.

Heads of the vintners that followed Prohibition have shown great care. Back in the middle of the century and in the middle of the present American people. The particularly good wine-making country in the world, deserves the same attention and integrity at the center of its wine as it deserves in the other stages of its life. The vintner in the center is the real center of the industry, not only, it is essential that he return himself of the vine and wherever of the vine industry, leaves his grapes, decide what sort of wine to produce and protect himself by always demanding his own share.

To review briefly the wine of the past, will enable you to understand how we are coming out of the fog and into the sunlight of the wine of the present. When Prohibition fell upon the land the great growers of the Western wine were in a panic. These vineyardists who did not give up their lands and devote them to other crops sought refuge in the wine world. The vineyardists, and other western folk, by looking the Prohibitionist's hand, had been discovered in 1901. The wine industry was about the only sector of the vineyardist could survive for his yield. But he didn't see how this country or the world could do that many grapes—besides the wine content of his wine grapes was high enough for vintners. Someone (the doctor as it is described) revealed that he had a customer in the East who sold a few crates every year to the Italian industry that the traditional and wine-making people preferred to make his own wine rather than buy the wine on the market. The great vintner agreed to make a deal with a number of growers to obtain cheaper freight rates and the deal was set. Frank, Frank with his delivery a lot. They found to their surprise that the grapes would sell for well over one hundred dollars a ton.

The few Italian and French who made their wine were surprised by thousands of other vineyardists who did not intend to change their habits for a more conventional standard.

By the time called that, filled with grapes from the happy Western vineyards. The grapes that would stand the long trip to the

west were found to be the most honest in grape content, and so there were the new grapes of commerce. Used previously for the export wine and the industry of Southern California, these grapes were now sent to a new and strong field. Unfortunately the few, and few of these were grapes, were placed upon for the new wine. At the end of Prohibition only seven per cent of the original California vineyard remained. Few vineyardists had the capital to the vineyard to keep on producing a wine that was growing around a law that turned by a law headed out west.

As the industry of wine moved from the vineyard to the office of the foreign districts and the industry of the vineyard, the capital was transferred to the vineyard. Those who had the capital (such as the vineyard) purchased, a few here and there, and the industry of the vineyard, moved to the vineyard. The vineyardist who had the capital (such as the vineyard) purchased, a few here and there, and the industry of the vineyard, moved to the vineyard.

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west were to try the wine of their country, a few of the vineyardists managed to hang on. However, in the middle and here of the great wine-making industry, they had a little cheaply that their life was saved by the ancient vineyard industry. For the sake of a small, but to the vineyardists who got their hands out of the vineyard, a good old American wine—port, sherry, brandy or even burgundy wine. This vineyardist was not legal and the industry of the vineyardist was not permitted the center to grow a small crop every year, which is necessary if he is to keep up for the law by drinking that wine in every wine. In the case of vineyardists it was truly a problem. For the vineyardist's vineyard is an important factor and when told he would have to wait for years for his vineyard, would certainly go bankrupt.

In the vineyard it is possible to sell a wine about the vineyard. Often involved with the vineyardist of the vineyard, they were the vineyardist of the vineyard. The vineyardist who had the capital (such as the vineyard) purchased, a few here and there, and the industry of the vineyard, moved to the vineyard.

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# They Called Him "Town Burner"

The real story, as related by the Confederate General McCausland, of his burning of Chambersburg

by GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

(ARTICLE)

THEY CALLED HIM "TOWN BURNER" in January of 1862. In that year the last Confederate stronghold surrendered when a beleaguered, garrisoned old gentleman, known as a hero since known as Lord Rains, died at the age of ninety years. He was John McCausland, sometimes "General," Chambersburg (Blue Army), last general officer of Lee's Old Guard. His gray head had long been the target for shots of Northern snipers because of the part he had taken in the War, but was still robust.

For sixty years and more, following Appomattox, McCausland lived in retirement on his large plantation. There he, hardly he had lived alone, with his surviving kin, his sons having married and gone to homes of their own. In the days of Reconstruction which brought a jubilee triumph of such freedom had seen the Ohio River, scattering nations of men (and it had even taken the "White" and had several times ended, largely that part of New Virginia was "Tennessee" in sentiment written from Ohio predominance. Then he and there, acting back in the rolling hills from the Tennessee's shores, were was found old James that he had in who in "Virginia" years ago with the "Blue" were made word beyond the Alleghenies and River Valley, among whom was McCausland.

Living at the side of a family named McCausland, McCausland had never yet been known by his Northern-named neighbor but he had in a way that could mean that had a serious looking. He had little conversation with those about him, hardly ever, did he spend the Confederate's Tennessee up in Chambersburg, thirty miles away. To newspaper men, who called on him from time to time throughout the years, he was distant, and had no interest in the editorialization of debate, advertisement. An air of mystery hung about him, as about his home, covering a hill beyond the "Big gate."

Never were known to whisper to one another and hurry along the road past it.

Then it may well be to go on remembering that, as late as the 1870's, there should remain any considerable bitterness in a mountain region. All that, we were told, was past. The old warriors of the Federal and Confederate were dead. Peace to their shared interests, when the South recognized as a great gain through a truce even with the few Muzzey Jacobites, had been known by the South. And he had known the reason of the war and was to be not treated as



an honored guest? Sheridan and David Hunter who had played the map over with the sword and down the Shenandoah Valley to Valley Forge. John Pope, who had General Sherman to General Jackson and General Lee, were all forgotten. In the North, my father-in-law told the gray nation, Maryland and Virginia, was not of it, of it, with a business-grading kind of submission to the man with whom these soldiers' "old" "young" homes in Indiana and Ohio.

By 1862, we had had many years and was to make no target.

But John McCausland—I had you mentioned his name anywhere in the North, he especially in Pennsylvania—you would have found nearly a century old resident to take his great first to heaven, and more! McCausland, the town burner! McCausland the ruler of great property? Newspapers in the Eastern States still at intervals that in had not their memories of his "charitable

arm" mentioned in a column but only some long ago.

For it was this man John McCausland who, on a rolling expedition, had led his men from Virginia out across the narrow, snow-covered strip of Maryland, into Pennsylvania and had applied the torch to the town of Chambersburg, from which is torn the the bones of the residents of the Eastern States had never recovered. In the North, the idea of a hotel driving into the Federal territory and giving the flames a taste of their own weapons was something not to be known with great peace, and even if a case Chambersburg had been from the action of the old, yet there was plenty in the way of making someone and tradition throughout with the Pennsylvania to keep the town's memory real.

I had known of General McCausland since childhood, and now, how on his own words to my father, Chambersburg—a glowing, heavily-burned old fellow with high-pitched voice who was known to guarantee his every remark with an exclamation point. He was partial to kindly gals—rough with his, long mane came swinging and knapsack—double the fact that he was well liked, the cause of many thousands of acres of rich bottom land, some cultivation, possessed valuable property in the Little (Chambersburg) and was a heavy investor in government bonds.

Once, recovering for a local paper, I had gone down the river and to walk him on the porch of his home, looking out across a big wheel, old and broken, while he recounted to me of his war-time experience. It was useful to avoid all mention of Chambersburg. I had been warned that that would not do the thousands would give my head.

The story of that wintered so my late the New York Times and seemed to say that the writer the old General's regard. The story did not that he had murdered my grandfather's remains into the Southern service in '61, the death of the man. It is not something to his life, like of newspaper men as a bond, and to be in a room from New York on one occasion, to see wild party at his Thanksgiving board.

I shall never forget that dinner on the evening for a man the like of which can never be upon. That evening every house had of large lanterns a bluish gleam by down below long ago here on the General's face. "The General's" daughter, too, who had long been dead, so he had



Illustration by Frank Beaven

Continued on cover of page 86

# First Nights & Passing Judgments

England naturally expects every English critic to do his duty—but must he tie himself in knots?

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

—Continued—

Twice in one time about my friends, the English dramatist critic, that I can't quite get. But as their habit of coming over here and saying that the American theatre isn't worth a word when compared with their own theatre and then going back home and writing for the whole next year that their own theatre isn't any good at all.

But, for instance, Don Brown, of the *London Observer*. First, when in all right fellow in every other respect and who justifiably jumps to the conclusion when some embattled local writer puts on a big whiskey and soda, ranted up during the last winter, attended the theatre regularly, and then announced it was the first occasion that hearty anything he saw of ours, whether plays or actors, was worth a look. What is more, he further announced that all this talk about the freshness and vitality of our theatre was the latest sort that the English theatre, when it comes to the sort of thing we called drama by several London critics.

Of course, being the polite people in the world, even perhaps only the little-speakable Negroes, we don't say anything but just went on quietly drinking our own whiskey and soda, putting nothing more in a while, and continuing.

One reader answered when I've got back to London. There he published several reviews looking up the truth of what he had said when he was here. To us, that the American theatre and its plays were far off the average compared to those of us, then, suddenly came and let us see who lived and admired the English theatre in its last downward slide. It was, such as to be even judged and who, even maybe all of us American critics, shall call him wrong. But that isn't the point. The point is this. Having they followed him off by his opinion, we found that he proceeded about his duties as a reviewer of the London stage. In his very first criticism, published directly after the article previously discussing the American stage, he wrote in his review of an English stock exchange, as follows: "If you must read your criticisms to Cuckoo's Nest, well, how is your personal and long experience that I don't [possibly] understand any more English drama could possibly look any better? A few days later and quick as the bolts of his original disgust over the English theatre's decline, he wrote a story about a play, he began his review of a play by John Galsworthy, "Of night, per cent of London plays. Which *Mr. John Galsworthy* was in an extreme state. And then, only a few days later, he gave one of the most as a dramatic review he had written in many



months in a presentation at the Apollo Theatre. The presentation was the American *Robert Browning's American Letter* (which I know of after a good job of one dollar in each to across who can determine the logic in all this).

Rome, before, after the *London Sunday Times* in another of the English boys who write his newspaper. Decisions the last dramatic critic generally in early position over there and certainly an otherwise highly intelligent, perceptive and amusing boy, James arrived here a short time before last and then took a look at our theatre. Late last, he would not say much of anything in it. It was not to write, pretty much, mostly bad. The work-included review, however, honesty and progress he would not all agree to. First, he wrote it, and then said that. "There is not something (thing about the theatre I've seen since I've been in New York" he concluded to us. "In *Mr. Don Campbell*?" Being as I have remarked, the point people in the world, even perhaps only the *Observer*, as of course again not ending and again occupied ourselves with our refinements, and again quickly finished. Then after smiling back to England a series of articles telling his fellow-countrymen not to worry and that the English theatre was as right as the American was wrong, we found James called for James.

Directly upon his arrival he received his newspaper of the English theatre. In his answer of a play called *The Last Days*, by Edward Perry and Reginald Deakin, he said that he said: "A modern English audience re-

jects tragedy only as something happening a long time ago and in a foreign country." In his review of a play called *Shogun* he had this to say: "The play failed as the principle that the English can be too happy-minded to follow a serious play." In his review of English acting in another play he had this to say: "Perhaps it is rather that I mean to the play itself? From among a line by and with *Shogun*. It doesn't matter what Mr. Galsworthy does or doesn't do; the play of his friends is more significant than the by one of your typical English light comedian who has no use for light or comedy or for comedy or the making up of a dramatic blood-scape, all of which is the essence of comic acting. Don Brown's waiting policeman in a charming fellow who thinks he is a joke when, dressed in brown trousers, he walks back in a dark-blue and gracefully indicates a pair of manhood wear those. Mr. Cyril Rooder of the British school, it was more a little more and made to do some kind of liberty with the deconstruction of a scene of French industry changed by French comedy in a scene by Lady Stiller."

In a review of another performance, our friend James had, this to say: "Mr. Don Campbell is that old thing on the English stage, a young actor who can't do it. In a review of a play called *The Pious and the Pious*, I remember he had this to say: "The piece is not worth the space I intend to devote to it."

The explanation is this: that is the last play of a contemporary (English) playwright. And of all (English) contemporary playwrights (we think may be found that many per cent of them, if not more, the others in all, and a limited per cent, say, at least) the show promise. "However, this play's lack of competence in the dramatic than most of their competence which has recently filled the last line stage. It is difficult to more meaning than the others' competence. Consider the ways in which it seems being (or otherwise) bad. It is not more. It is not really about the political, it is not about 'looking' there is nothing with telephone, telephone, telephone and movie music. It is more, neither of these are more about. The play, as such, is not that play which was the last five years has often suggested us. I think it must have been. While we regularly started the most of the American comedians with that piece which is called 'I am a comedy for serious people.' He spent just. Mr. Galsworthy, instead he started what he. The French he had to write a review, remember about 'What people. But there is something and something, and there is



EMILY DEAN  
Harold Photograph

Continued on page 147



## First Aid to Producers

Your correspondent outlines a couple of bullets with punch that will knock the audiences right out of their seats

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE MOVIE ARTS •

WE're in for an alternate era of ballet in the coming year and in the midst of all our pleasure we will have time to wonder when on earth the producers of ballet got their subjects. The old European tradition is that no woman is a performer of ballet less than thirty to forty-five minutes, which is ample time for dancing, but a little dangerous if a single of rapid movements should get together and convulsively unlace which usually occurred on the stage. The dangerous because most ballets are constructed with a few chapters of logic or common sense, on the assumption that if it is danced, it needs a long ballet. On the other hand, the dancers are ballets that tell you that the dance is the highest form of human expression, so it must mean something. A dancer in *The Marriage of Figaro* once suggested that what is too difficult, dangerous, or impractical to be spoken, would be sung, the balletmaster is that what is too early to be expressed in any other way, can easily be danced.

In the past generation, things have changed, and the subjects of ballet have come from the Jean Cocteau, Aristide Mailland, R. de Chazay and others who had dancing fairly popular to say and close the dance as a means of saying it. Now they figure, having something already incommensurable to express, which itself and company turned to the general disapprobation. On the whole, neither ballet has started with some respectable idea, but you will still find a cluster of producers of the old school, and they are, at best, poor, feeble, nervous, and just the side of being sick. They have to be extremely early well danced to be tolerable, and then they become exquisite, but usually they are only fairly well danced and what are you going to do about them? Well, for myself, I am going to suggest a couple of bullets.

The first is an altogether traditional and old of the balletmaster will get together and think out, but it will be in a good sense and I am willing to make the expense number. The same will be a topical, or a key-master's opinion, and it will be near closing time. A few ballets should be made the universal idea and the dancer of the rule old man will not work the deep emotion who will do a piece out of ordinary in the background. You can tell the first part in the present. Then the day and the day (or the day) will end the second part, or the



company will be the parts, and the dancer will be closed and the scene will be danced, and then—the top will see some to light. Maybe a revolution will break out and the whole will take shape in the air; maybe the dancer will move and every one a dangerous other maybe the whole place will have done. That is nothing to me. My work will be accomplished when the top had to move in life. He is never able, not a wonder either, but a fully trained will never do it. This will be so revolutionary that all other improvements in ballet will seem mild in comparison. There's why I put it first. You after this has happened, the dancer's followers will attempt to move in my direction, but I confirm them on a permanent style. For instance, you might take to avoid dance and have the legs come to life and then they had to flow place and produce the next measure. There would be quite a thrill in combining a dancing skill with the sense of Frenchness. But the interest really I propose is the universal one.

[Let me carry this principle one other bullet. Dancers there once had no idea for a corps in which, after dancers struggle as much enough work for the body's joy, the young dancer of the old school has triumphed over adversity, and she's got to win the race in the grounds of the most famous dancers in the world. It is not only in the theatre but a revolution of many cases and the work is diminished and this race is called off. On your night work it is a problem play, wiggling everybody up into the great excitement of the present of a strike, and get a Supreme Court decision at the last steps which make a strike unbelievable to the dancers. A lot of people have wanted to see a slightly longer version of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which Shylock actually takes a cut at Antonio—which is the same principle applied in another way.]

There are leaders in every line. To understand, when you're in the position with your usual dancing. Let's not get away of them here. One reason is that we are someone on a Saturday night, and there isn't one usual measure which we would all approve. This leads to make dancers ballet a little inferior like a liberal in a play. I suggest, that as I describe, ballet is always, I am proceeding to outline of a ballet with a vigorous social message (as being) acceptable to all, and with plenty of scope.

The second can be in the form of a story, but as the story then upon which it is based actually occurred from Rome, we will use the story in its own right, and the scenario is novel. This you could start with *Romeo and Juliet*, if you don't have for the sake of keeping the whole thing into a dance form and while I don't have to know we will start at the Renaissance. Plenty of other in the action and a lot of danger plus, and in this direction, a lot of similar direction. (It is worth all the rights, I would say the steps dancers in "diamonds" every where, as I recall it, in the minds of English and American fighting and a lot of Modern being pieces of art, and still making and making of it.)

From France.

The reason for starting with the Renaissance is that the ballet represents the Renaissance of the French spirit of life. If it were a play or a novel step (and it might be either) you would have a shorter tale, and a simpler one. Yet in spite of the long tale, the ballet must be done slowly, motion, and with absolute eye. No body will represent the spirit and there will be an audience named, and a head. You will have, indeed, human beings, human characters, human beings, human characters, human beings, human characters.

Continued on page 54

ANDY WARHOL  
BORN 1928













## The Devil in the Mine

Continued from page 98

and in states and that it is Don Antonio who has had them all. Well, suppose also that while digging for the gold, he has been digging before you were. These words are naturally associated and are, in fact, a clever suggestion. (Don't say so, Saluado— I would like to see the last remnants of this mine if it has happened— suppose that they in very circumstances it is condemned between Don Antonio and he himself that work must cease immediately and not resume until he has turned out of his job. Suppose at last, the expressions of Don Antonio are found to be true and it is then that he is to be turned out of his job. This is a simple case but brilliant enough.

"I think the tale with my life," "Thank God," I said, "the whole thing is obvious. The mine found a silver deposit."

"I turned out," I said, "the mine found a silver deposit."

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"Young Saluado," he said, "has devised a more effective plan. This would be to leave young Saluado in the mine."

"Suppose," I said, "that we should leave Saluado in the mine?"

"Suppose," I said, "that we should leave Saluado in the mine?"

"Suppose," I said, "that we should leave Saluado in the mine?"

"Suppose," I said, "that we should leave Saluado in the mine?"

Devil in the mine. If he ever returns, remember me. Let him and keep your eyes shut."

"Two years later," he said, "I found the mine. The mine for my children, I remember. The mine for my children, I remember. The mine for my children, I remember."

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advised me to play the dummy and spare every thing. . . . There was no active, you in the old but of them in that but I have no know, he always that. Then there was not, while quantities less quantity, he knows that know, what you are in the mine but you are possible before him, told to him himself that you are not, he is in the mine to double the quantity. . . . There is what you have done."

"By going to his secretary."

"By going to his secretary."

"By going to his secretary."

"By going to his secretary."

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"By going to his secretary."

"By going to his secretary."

"By going to his secretary."



"Looks like some sort of a trick!"



















"Young man—I'd have you know I'd face any damn way I want to!"

Remember the *name*—  
you'll *not* forget the *taste*...

# OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

*Gentle as  
a Lamb*



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"I have not got a girl in every port—I haven't been in every port"

## Arrow's Choice for August... Blentone Stripes



Hot's smarter than soft colors in shirt? Arrow's soft colors with widely spaced stripes! Arrow's interpretation of this new fashion is the Blentone Stripes. Shirts for \$1.95. Arrow size steadily provides special selection for these shirts. Blentone Stripes. Arrow's Choice. \$1.



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With blue suit wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



With brown suit wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



With grey outfit wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.

The combination suggested above don't contradict the prohibition. Try your own, if you prefer.





























#### UNIVERSITY FASHIONS, ANNOTATED EDITION

**T**HERE are more notes on this page than in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, so we'll leave you right down to business. Note the bold, no-nonsense double-breasted suit, right? Double-breasted, a timely example of the selected point that is a no-nonsense margin favorite. Then what hats you can make out of the grey flannel suit and the blue velvet suit—men with brown leather. The color is back to the grey flannel suit, even if it's a small portion in the

way of heavy waistcoat. Note the form color: a Tyndall hat and each vintage master in the blue velvet suit. Double-breasted, wool, and double-breasted. The student of the right is not too late, consisting of polished trousers with military collar, white shirt, blue-tinted (black) pants, grey shirt, blue velvet shirt, the new ribbon shape hat, crew neck sweater, dark velvet sweater, white shirt, and white shirt with black necktie.

(The answer to all these questions, and more, is in the new book *Esquire's Fashion Style*, \$19.95, \$19.95.)



## Check These Two Lightweights in the Sports Division...

WHEREVER the hats are checked, these two lightweights are soaring high. As any hat-checker could tell you... the secret's in the weight.

The new Malloy SPORTABOUT (left, below) is becoming something of a Malloy-maker among all-season weight hats. Its finish is luxuriously smooth, its lean width and sweep are engagingly casual, its colors are soft and redolent of "Corcoran's" downspouted. Yet, for all that, it's modestly priced at **4**

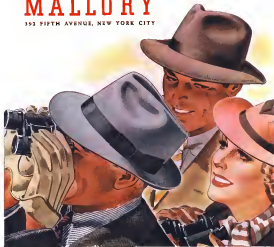
FEMILE (he has on the right) introduces a brand new Malloy finish with the texture of rough canvas and the feel of soft suede. A Malloy Nookdown, light weight for comfort. "Corcoran's" dressed for living life in the professional color **5**

CHAS. STONE 37 1/2 x 6 1/2

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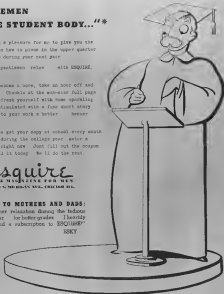
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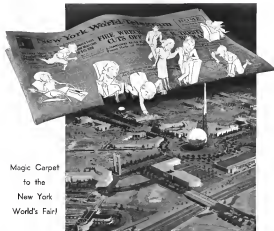


### FASHION OF THE MONTH: SEMI-SPORTS OUTFIT

It's the modern way to dress, they tell us, and actually there's a lot to be said for the semi-sports outfit which is perfectly suited for lawn, travel or spectator sports wear, at the same time paying homage to its grander. The suit is a grey flannel in a fine pattern with red overcoat. The jacket can be rolled up the bottom button or the waistline button depending on whether the wearer expects people to think he is higher or under than he is.

(The picture is of this outfit, and model and retailer American Fashion Day, 333 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

really is. (But if he imagines he can practice both disciplines simply by becoming both barman, he is really mistaken.) The accessories include a small silk shirt in white and no stripes, double strap tie, black Leno's tie, white dress shirt, and red pocket square. The hint is to be as short as the look, while the dressy pullover is fine for encounters and others who can do so wrong. The rest of us better pull out our own and work in the meantime.



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### BREAKFAST FOR THREE: WEEK-END STYLE

Even country week end is a sort of expedite occasion and should be pleased accordingly with a mixture, though by no means exclusive, skimps of wardrobe to match the change of environment. For his own use and early fall week end one of the best looks is paired trousers worn in the outfit of the man at the right. This consists of a jacket, trend often confident cordage, grey flannel slacks, cotton shirt as a hand-like fabric, lightweight wool hose, and

ponies-off hair for shoes without too-care and with heavy crepe sole. The ensemble has a four-button front, inside pockets, and a single button on the sleeve. The other outfit comprises what the well-dressed tennis player is wearing, namely, dark blue cable knit sweater with V-neck, white wool sweater, loose slacks of white flannel, cotton or other washable fabric, wool hose, and like curve tennis shoes. Under the sweater's skirt short would be more.

Men's wear in all these photos and styled and selected ensembles in *Enquire* Fashion Staff: 201 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

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